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THE
HILLS OF HYBLA;
BEING A
COLLECTION
OF
ORIGINAL POEMS.



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MDCCCLXVII.

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf from an old book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some faint smudges and a small dark mark near the bottom left corner. There is no text or other markings on the page.



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T O



TO HER
G R A C E
THE
Duchefs of BUCCLEUGH.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

I HAVE prefumed to present
your Grace with the follow-
ing Trifle, as a Nuptual Offer-
ing, fenfible that you have always
fhewn a tender regard, wherever you
have perceived the leaft Ray of Genius;
and I fhall be extremely happy if your
Grace fhould find the leaft appearance
of it in what I have fent you; as it is
from fo obfcure a Bard, you will be
pleafed

viii DEDICATION.

pleased to accept of it, as one of the meanest Flowers, among the many that form the wreath upon your Grace's brow, placed there by Virtue and Humility; if I should be so happy as to have it prove acceptable, it will confer the highest honour on

Your G R A C E's

Most Humble

And Obedient Servant,

GEORGE SAVILLE CAREY.



A N

EVENING'S WALK.

NE summer's eve, when ev'ry swain
was hous'd,
When Sol had scarce one glimmer
left behind,

Each little star, faint glitt'ring, cast a ray,
And spangled o'er the dusky robe of night.

Fond of the scene, I wander'd far from home,
O'er leafless lawns, and flower-breeding vales,
Till weary nature slacken'd in my steps,
And made me halt upon a friendly bank.
Calm thro' a bridge there ran a peerless stream,
That scarcely mov'd the ozier's slender wand:
Here I took my stand, and view'd the solemn scene.
The bat had been an hour on the wing,

B

Chasing

2 AN EVENING'S WALK.

Chafing the night-fly and the buzzing gnat :
The purblind owl had left the ancient tower,
Prowling with flossy wing along the mead,
Anon, as out of Chaos, shot a ray
Of chearing light, quiv'ring o'er the hills,
As yet too weak to struggle with the dark ;
Or, as th' Egyptian queen, far off beheld,
Shot her first beams on the Italian shore,
Her brilliant train reflecting on the waves,
Making the Tybur like a golden sea.

Clouds that o'er-hung the horizon, unseen,
Appear'd in view, like silver-skirted troops
Waiting the up-rise of the queen of night.
Slow she approach'd, and smil'd upon the world,
Op'ning fresh landscapes to my wond'ring eyes.
Philomel now chear'd the embow'ring grove,
The woodlark too, mistaking it for day,
Join'd her sweet notes with emulating strains.

Near to my left there stood an ancient pile,
By wasting time, and savage war defac'd,
Like a reduc'd and hoary-headed chief,
Commanding awe even in destruction.

AN EVENING'S WALK. 3

On its flinty fides deep-dy'd ivy clung;
Its roof was capt with velvet-grounded moss,
And round its base, wild weeds and flowers grew,
The stinging nettle with the briars blend,
The secret haunt of adders and of toads.
Thro' the wide breaches of the rock-built walls
Pale Cynthia beam'd her lucid columns down
Upon the verdant slope, in lines direct and clear,
Reflecting on a dimpled brook below.

A solemn silence now o'erspread the globe,
Save when the minnew wanton'd on the stream,
And left a circle spreading to the brink.
Anon, as wind from out some hollow cave,
A deep-felt sigh from out the ruins came,
As from a heart just bursting with its load,
Which freight was answer'd with a voice of woe,
Like sorrow soothing the more sad despair.

A while I stood, in doubt, to know the cause,
Or to retreat, lest some deluding fiend,
Aping the voice of grief, meant to destroy.
At length resolv'd, with caution I approach'd,
O melting sight! my wounded heart ran o'er

4 AN EVENING'S WALK.

And empty'd at my eyes.—A mournful pair,
The woeful partners of affliction sat,
On the low basis of a mould'ring urn
And open'd to my view a tragic scene.
Conceal'd, I stood, observing their distress;
She, in her lap, an infant cherub held,
A lovely boy, the offspring of their loves.
Her eyes were bent with sorrow on the babe,
While in her face the little dear one smil'd,
And then, with tears of misery and love,
She clung him eager to her throbbing breast.

The wretched husband on her neck reclin'd,
Striving to cheer his melancholy dame,
Feigned a hope, tho' foreign to his heart:
But when he found despair had seiz'd her soul,
His tears burst forth, and bath'd his manly cheeks,
And on his bended knees he trembling fell,
Lifting his eyes with anguish 'gainst the sky,
With invocations loud, and agonizing sighs,
Imploring heaven for a ray of peace,
Till his loud accents shook the vaulted roof,
And rest his tortur'd breast.—I cou'd no more,
But flying to his aid with heart distress'd,

He

AN EVENING'S WALK. 5

He fix'd his eyes with furious glare upon me,
And threaten'd me with death if I advanc'd;
Like the fierce tyger, assail'd by hunters
In his dreary den, he stood defensive o'er his young,
Shielding 'em from danger. With humble voice
And friendly tears I mov'd him to attend,
And listen patient to the voice of pity.
Joy then, with fear and admiration mix'd,
O'erspread each face, and as I spake, they blest;
Hope, like the sun that clouds had long o'erveil'd,
Flush'd on their cheeks, extinguishing despair.

Ye woeful pair let your suspicions cease;
If the base world has put ye out of door,
If friends forsake and creditors pursue:
If you once more can trust a thought to hope,
And think it possible to meet a friend,
Tell me your story, and you yet shall find
That fate relents, and ceases to afflict.
Tho' here to you a stranger I appear,
To mercy I am none; to see another wretched
Makes me wretched too: by serving others
I still myself oblige, and meet reward,
Ample reward, a tranquil happiness!

Seeing

6 AN EVENING'S WALK.

Seeing others so, by me made happy.
I'd rather wipe the tear of grief away
Than add a ruby to a monarch's crown,
And win a Prince's promise for my pains.
If fate's not giv'n you over to despair,
And you'll accept of friendship once again,
Chear your sad hearts—let ev'ry fear subside,
Nor doubt a stranger yet may prove a friend;
If you'd be happy, tell me but in what,
I'll try my ev'ry means to make ye so.

Thou gracious being! (if thou art human)
For thou speak'st with a celestial tongue,
Let me embrace thee ;—O! pardon me, too,
That I assail'd thee with the threat of death,
When thou but meant to save me from his shaft;
For O! thy words were welcome to my soul
As mollient dews that fall upon the mead,
When parching Sol has curled each verdant blade;
Thou hast preserv'd to me the dearest rose
That ever scented gale, the sweetest bud
That ever eye beheld, or tempted death to kill,
(This drooping fair one, and her smiling boy,)
For they have suffer'd more than I dare tell,

And

AN EVENING'S WALK. 7

And to repeat, is more than I can bear :
 She once, alas, was fortune's favourite
 And Minerva's pride, the tender fondling
 Of a wealthy pair—O ! sad remembrance ;
 Provoking tears ! when will ye cease to flow !
 These eyes have long been strangers to a smile ;
 Excuse me, friend, if they disgust thee.
 We sing of others woe, but cry our own ;
 My heart has gushed at a thousand veins,
 To see the sufferings of a matchless wife——
 There was a time, when this forsaken hold
 At such an hour would have giv'n delight,
 When solitude and night would give a scope
 To thought, and yield a pleasing melancholy
 To the jaded mind, o'ercharg'd with pleasure
 And variety ; but now, how dreary and forlorn
 It seems ; and as we tell our mournful tale,
 With double horror echoes back each word,
 Mocking adversity, in hollow sounds,—
 Telling us over what is death to hear.—
 Such tale as mine, good friend, I oft have read,
 Such woeful scenes have oft been play'd ;
 With sympathizing heart I've heard and seen,
 And dropp'd a tear for the oppress'd and brave ;

But

8 AN EVENING'S WALK.

But ere I'd slept the fiction fled my breast,
 And time would leave no traces on the mind.
 When we become the objects of distress,
 Remembrance stamps it with an iron seal
 Upon our hearts, and ev'ry thought is death.
 But to my story, 'tis my friend's desire——
 I am no stranger to this gloomy pile,
 I oft have paid a visit to these walls,
 And oft admir'd the romantic form,
 When the fair morn invited me abroad,
 When fertile nature dasy'd ev'ry hill,
 And ev'ry meadow blush'd a purple hue :
 When thrushes sang, and linnets charm'd the grove ;
 My heart then drank in pleasure at my eyes,
 And felt no interrupter by the way,
 No wretched thought to dash it back again.—
 My father was a man of wealth and note,
 (And held a mansion in a village by)
 A better ne'er gave being to a son :——
 I having read of mighty things abroad,
 Of ancient Rome and grand Cairo's court,
 The wealth of India and Egyptian wilds.
 With thirst for novelty and desire,

I urg'd

AN EVENING'S WALK. 9

I urg'd my father, and at length prevail'd,
That he would let me venture on a tour,
And prove the truth of hist'ry and report.—
'Tis fix years since I left my native home ;
Since when, so many wonders I have seen,
That curiosity at last grew sick.

Returning home, I cross'd the mighty Alps ;
A deadly sickness seiz'd me on the way,
And made me seek for succour and a *friend* ;
A greater rarity than all I'd met.
An ample dwelling open'd to my view,
To which I bent my way, and shelter ask'd,
And was receiv'd at once a welcome guest.
With mild compassion they beheld my state,
And strove to cheer me with a friendly voice.
Dismounting here, I would have enter'd in,
But that my feet their wonted use deny'd :
My limbs gave way, and let me to the ground ;
When this dear fair came running to my aid ;
She rais'd me up, and led me careful in,
And ev'ry day a true attendance paid :
When I was struggling with the pangs of death,

C

And

10 AN EVENING'S WALK.

And with consoling hope she'd drop a tear,
Imploring heaven to preserve my life.
Her supplications did at length prevail.
No sooner had I conquer'd one compeer,
But found my heart was with another ta'en,
Love, to whom I soon submitted, and embrac'd.
And made my hostess partner of my life,
But here partaker in affliction too;—
Her father was a Briton, once of wealth,
And held a mansion in that happy isle,
Till revolution and domestic broils
Destroy'd his lands and plunder'd all he had,
(Save a few stores, in secret he had saved,)
Putting himself and family to flight,
To seek for refuge in a foreign land.—
The action robb'd the good man of his life,
And in distress the mournful widow left,
With this fair comforter to buffet life,
And shield her from a base ensnaring world.

Here eighteen months I liv'd in social joy,
And in the desert found the dearest wife.
The kindest mother ever man cou'd boast,

But

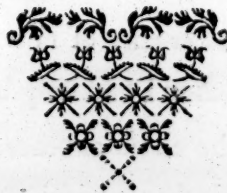
AN EVENING'S WALK. 11

Her better spirits so outworn by grief,
That made her frame, like frozen lillies, fade,
Recline and droop unto the earth again.
Not having heard one tidings from my friends
For many a day, we for England made ;
And ere we reach'd the shore, the wind blew high,
And frowning Neptune on the surface foam'd,
Throwing up wat'ry mountains in our way,
And, in his anger, dash'd us on a rock :
Some twenty perish'd in the yawning deep,
But we escap'd, to meet a harder fate.
We sav'd our lives, but saw our cargo sink :
No sooner had I stepp'd with pleasure on the shore,
But met the tidings of my father's death.
From one misfortune often comes a crowd,
For some malignant enemy of mine,
Inform'd the good man I had long been dead.
And ere he died, he chose another heir,
And left him all his fortune and estate.

Here, each glaring circumstance arose,
And fill'd me with surprise : I ask'd his name,
“ Landore, he cry'd, a wealthy neighbour here.”

12 AN EVENING's WALK.

Landore! ye mighty Gods, how just!
I am that heir thy worthy father chose,
And for his friendship and his love to me,
I'll give his son his fortune back again.
I had enough before to make me happy,
And but resign that superflux to him
Which fate had chosen me steward to a while,
To quit my claim upon a just demand.



THE



THE
PEASANT and ANT.
A FABLE.

THE fields were ripen'd all around,
And Ceres' head with corn was crown'd ;
Pomona with her fruits array'd,
And Plenty (coy, much-envied maid)
Her horn of bounty careless held,
And dropp'd a gift in ev'ry field.
A peasant, walking thro' the grain,
Was heard to murmur and complain :
His face was wan and meagre grown,
And hunger stamp'd him with a frown.

A laden ant was passing by,
And with her small infectic eye,
She look'd upon the abject man,
And, with revilings, thus began :

“ Art

14 THE PEASANT AND ANT.

" Art not asham'd, ungrateful clown,
 Amongst such crops thy wants to own,
 Whilst smiling plenty round thee stands,
 Inviting thy unwilling hands.
 Thou poor incorrigible knave,
 Thy sloth will bring thee to the grave.
 Benevolence is thrown away
 On such as thou art, ev'ry day.
 How canst thou ever think to thrive,
 Except with industry thou'lt strive
 To help thyself, when there is giv'n
 Before thine eyes such stores from heav'n?
 Had I one opportunity
 Like this, I'd lay such plenty by,
 In such a season I'd provide
 Enough for all my days beside.
 But I'm oblig'd each day to roam
 Many a furlong from my home,
 And cry, good luck, whene'er I pick
 From off the ground a single stick;
 Or, in some long and rutty lane,
 I find by chance a single grain.
 Had I the art, and strength, like you,
 To reap, to thresh, to bake, and brew,

I would

THE PEASANT AND ANT. 15

I would not murmur or complain
At winter's snow or summer's rain,
Which heav'n in each season sends,
To answer all its wiser ends."

" Thou boasting thing, (the clown reply'd,)
Thou little crawling piece of pride,
Or stop thy foul reproaching breath,
This moment else shall be thy death;
For all thy counsel's mere pretence,
To shew thy mighty share of sense,
Thy industry and insolence.
Thou would'st not in this manner prate,
Wert thou, like me, of human state;
Were what I've reap'd, and what I've sown,
Like what thou gather'st, *all my own*,
My barns should ev'ry one be stor'd,
And I, as well as thee, would hoard.—
I own the seasons plenty send,
Were men, like ants, each other's friend;
I would not now come murm'ring here,
Were food and raiment not so dear.
Those times you sure must own are bad,
When there's no victuals to be had;

When

16 THE PEASANT AND ANT.

When Nature sends her stores at large,
And Earth does all her gifts discharge.——

'Tis not by God, but man deny'd,

Who feasts in luxury and pride :

For see, yon infant, starving, dies,

With all this bounty 'fore his eyes."

THE APOLOGY.

There is no reason to comment,

The Moral is most evident.



SUNDAY,



S U N D A Y,

A

P O E M.

HAIL holy day, by heav'nly laws design'd
A consolation to all human kind,
To man and brutes a day of peace and rest,
Wou'd man but own his duty, and be blest :
As when the harp, in Jesse's golden days,
Tun'd ev'ry Sabbath to Jehovah's praise,
By holy prophets, and by virgins strung
When truth and faith inspir'd ev'ry tongue ;
Or when his son, with eloquence divine,
(The greatest favorite of the sacred *Nine*)
Made the proud Saul, whene'er he touch'd his strings,
Bow his stiff neck, and own the King of Kings.

Observe the present age,—how vain, how strange !
How true sang he, who told us, “all things change,”

D

A puny

18 S U N D A Y,

A puny race of infidels and fools,
True slaves to vice, and fashion's gaudy tools;
Strangers to virtue, enemies to fame,
Except in foreign dress, or foreign name.

My Lord sends forth his hopeful heir to roam
To foreign climes, to bring new fashions home :
Caught with their manners and their taste, he burns,
And after six years travel, he returns
A flimsy fop, a coxcomb and a fool,—
A greater dunce than when he left the school :
Quick at intrigue, to gamble, or to fight,
A debauchee, if not a f——te.

Britain and France with emulation try
T' outdo each other in absurdity.
For here at home what vast excess we see
In city fops, and city quality :
Is there a folly introduc'd at court,
But streight on swiftest pinions of report,
It thro' the city in a trice is fann'd,
And introduc'd,—for taste, at second hand ?
With cards and routs their Sunday is employ'd,
And ev'ry Christian virtue is destroy'd.

Mode

Mode will bewitch, all eyes may plainly see,
And nothing charms like flimsy gaiety :
In all degrees, at ev'ry age, we find,
There's nought like fashion captivates the mind :
Do but observe the rich Sir Traffick's wife,
Old and deform'd, upon the verge of life,
With fulsome art, she rolls her faded eyes,
And thinks to make a conquest ere she dies ;
While in their dress there's no distinction seen
'Tween sixty-fix, and she of gay sixteen.

But to my theme ; my muse at random strays,
And with a tedious prelude, she delays
My better meaning, and perverts my plan,
I'll tack about, and to it, like a man.—
We raise subscriptions and new churches build,
But heaven knows how seldom they are fill'd.
Shou'd Sunday shine a summer's day, and fair,
Behold what legions round the town repair ;
What flocks to Richmond and to Windfor drive,
And buz and sip, like drones about a hive,
At every welcome tavern which they meet,
Affecting bucks, and asses prove complete,

On hackney'd steeds, the giddy blockheads fly,
Who kindly drag 'em home, perhaps, and die :
Of all the slaves dame nature's giv'n us here
There's none so noble, treated so severe
As the kind steed, that's ever yet been curst,
To have his last load greater than his first.
When worn with hunger, flav'ry and age
Finds still a harder journey to engage ;
Than when in youth and vigour he wou'd bear
My Lord a mile or two to take the air.
But such is fate, when uselefs and grown old
To some unfeeling monster he is sold.

Each needy wretch his thirst for taste declares
Whene'er he speaks, but more by what he wears ;
Oft is the fancy of some brainless prig
Couch'd in the choice of his enormous wig,
And oft we learn the tenor of the fair
By the sly glance, or belle-affected air.
Is there a nymph that Fortune will not own,
That beauty might indeed have stamp'd have shown ?
Behold her failing in the pink of taste,
Trump'd up with powder, frippery and paste,

Resolv'd

Resolv'd 'gainst fortune, beauty's force to try,
 (The greatest powers now beneath the sky,)
 Rather than fate her conquest shou'd impede,
 She'll not retreat, tho' virtue's fure to bleed.

Behold what droves to Bagnigge Wells repair, }
 Crowding together *for the sake of air,* }
 And strictly keeping *Sunday's weekly fair.* }
 Sunk in a vale, this fair retreat is plac'd,
 And with two mountains on each side is grac'd;
 That has for ages, there, in loads been thrown,
 Receiving all the rubbish of the town.
 Smooth thro' its flat a muddy riv'let streams,
 And down its sides a wholesome church-yard teems;
 Here, close pent up by thousands, we repair,
 And praise the water, liquor and the *air*:
 Here love-sick couples ev'ry Sunday run,
 They marry next, and find themselves undone:
 Soon shifts the scene, the passion next is cloy'd,
 And all their promis'd happiness destroy'd.

Behold a pair, that but two years ago,
 She a coquette, and he a city beau,

Now

Now look with sorrow at their former state,
And curse the burden of their present fate.
Marry'd, they walk indifferent and grave,
Whilst worldly cares their ev'ry thought enslave :
He, at a distance, from the crowd retires,
She, at a distance, leaves her gay desires.

See, self-admir'd, Miss, of four feet high,
Display her charms, and with an ogle, try
To captivate some dull unwary spark,
She often shoots, but seldom hits the mark :
For should the rogue some imperfection spy,
Her crooked legs, or bolster'd shape, awry :
If the high shoulder, which she'd fain conceal,
Some thoughtless turn shou'd cruelly reveal,
No new device, how well foe'er 'tis dress'd,
Will win the lover to her strutting breast.

If such a wretch wou'd deal in Hymen's laws,
Let her throw off her frippery and gauze ;
Nor vainly try, with self-imagin'd charms,
To win the lover to her stunted arms.
To charm with person, never make pretence,
But try to please with gravity and sense :

Plain

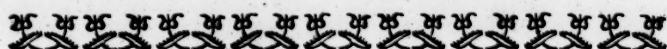
Plain be your drefs, feem conscious of defect,
Let love fubfide, and try to win refpect.
Shou'd fome grave friend of fixty, feek a wife,
A needful helpmate, at the verge of life,
Who's with your virtues, not your perfon mov'd,
Its better far by fuch to be approv'd,
Than try with *fuch a form* to make a prize,
Or hope in vain to charm a lover's eyes,
Who will but rally, flatter and defpife. }
Devote no more your Sunday to intrigue,
Nor longer keep your vanity in league ;
For where the perfon and the mind's awry,
We feldom find it catch a lover's eye.

Let not White Conduit, Bagnigge, or the Spaw,
One Sunday more your vain attention draw,
Where fwarms of fools, of coxcombs, bucks and beaux,
Adore themfelves, and next themfelves, their clothes.
Where belles repair to catch, and to be caught,
That never yet gave being to a thought.

You, on whom fortune has been pleas'd to fmile,
Lay by your giddy pleasures for a while ;

Regard

Regard the cries of nature in distress,
 Confine awhile your appetite and dress:
 Where fortune's giv'n enough, and some to spare,
 Let the remainder be the poor man's share.



E P I G R A M

O N

L O R D G——.

MY Lord has often said, he scorns
 The wretch who'd fain conceal his horns,
 And, from his heart, quite full of glee,
 He wish'd all cuckolds in the sea.
 A merry wag (pleas'd with the whim)
 Reply'd, my Lord, *Pray can you swim?*

A N



A N
E L E G Y
On the D E A T H of
Mr. R I C H A R D C R O S S.

FAREWELL, kind youth! my friend farewell!
Since fate *will* have it so;
Cease, cease, the solemn passing bell,
Nor aggravate my woe.

In plaintive notes my muse shall sing
Thy merits and thy name,
And on her weak, but grateful wing,
She'll bear thee up to fame.

What tho' obscure, thou spent thy days
A friend to virtue's cause,
Thy merits still demand my lays,
To whisper thy applause.

E

The

The lonely bud that blows obscure
Beneath the spreading thorn,
Often preserves a scent more pure,
Than what the top adorn.

I little thought, my dearest friend,
To see thee dead so soon,
For who could think the day wou'd end
Before it well was noon?

Thy noon of life an ev'ning prov'd,
Thy sun ran quickly down,
Thy morning was by all belov'd,
Thine eve without a frown.

Thro' life with even pace thou steer'd,
Without one single foe,
(By friends belov'd, by truth rever'd,)
Left envy made them so.

But who could be a foe to thee,
A friend to all mankind:
Whose breast was all tranquility,
With harmony combin'd.

How

How oft have I at peep of dawn
 Thy friendly summons heard,
 And with thee trod the verdant lawn,
 Before the sun appear'd.

From Richmond hill to Twick'nham dale,
 How often have we stray'd,
 Charm'd with the thrush and nightingale,
 That sang in Dyfart's shade.

When cloudy mists from off the brooks
 Proclaim'd a summer's day,
 With glee we talk'd of men and books,
 And argu'd time away.

Whene'er a wild romantic scene
 Has struck our wand'ring eyes,
 And where the magic circle's been,
 Great Shakespear would arise.

Where gentle Zephyrs blew serene,
 As thro' the copse we steer'd,
 Or when some garden we have seen,
 Great Milton has appear'd.

When

When nature dasy'd o'er the lawn,
And blossom'd ev'ry tree,
The humble Thompson's Muse would dawn,
Like pure simplicity,

When o'er the hill we've chanc'd to stray,
And view'd some mansion by,
Oft with a smile, I've heard thee say
“ Its wealthy Lord must die.”

Thou envy'd not the proud his wealth,
His luxury and pride,
Thy only boon a little health,
But that the fates deny'd.

Thy honest ear would ne'er attend
The vile detractor's lye,
But with a manly zeal defend
Both friend and enemy.

Oft when the lark had clos'd her wings,
The Moon began her reign,
I've heard thee touch thy magic strings,
And play thy usual strain,

Scarce

Scarce had the Thames sent up a breeze,
 Or dews fall'n on the ground,
 But thro' the gentle waving trees,
 I heard the pleasing sound.

Enraptur'd have I stood alone
 Beneath a cooling shade,
 With extacy I've caught each tone,
 In soft piano's play'd.

But now the ev'ning charms no more,
 No more the morn delights,
 Since morn nor ev'ning can restore
 Thee back again to fight.

No more shall I at break of day
 Thy friendly summons hear,
 Nor with thee o'er the woodlands stray,
 Before the Sun appear.

In sad remembrance o'er thy tomb,
 Thy requiem will I sing,
 When night with dull and awful gloom
 Shall spread her raven wing.

A P O O R



A
POOR MAN'S QUERIES.

Addressed to his FRIEND.

OUR betters seem to make a rout,
To find the cause of famine out,
Pretend the myst'ry is too great,
To tell us why we have no meat ;
Nor can our ablest St—f—n's head,
Find out the cause we have no bread.
The reason's plain, I tell you why,
I don't believe they ever try.

But should they want to lay a tax
Upon our heavy-laden backs,
There is not one but knows the way,
To do it for us any day.

Like dog i|the fair they shift about,
To-day in place, to-morrow out,

Nor

A POOR MAN'S QUERIES. 31

Nor shall you find the best resign,
Without some motive or design
To wriggle into better bread ;—
Then can you think he'll plague his head
About such things as you or I,
Who were but born to starve and die ?

QUERY I.

Were they like you and I to feel
An appetite, without a meal ;
Say, would they not soon find the way,
To move this obstacle away ?

II.

Would forestallers and regrators
Until now have 'scap'd their betters,
If some great rogue 'tween you and I,
Had not giv'n them authority ?
Thieves are seldom hang'd for stealing,
Where my Lord's a fellow feeling.

III.

If one knave should chance to swing,
O that wou'd be a happy thing.

In

32 A POOR MAN'S QUERIES.

In such a case, 'tis ten to four,
But he'd impeach a hundred more ;
And then I'd lay you nine to ten,
That half of them were N——n,
Or such to whom we give the name,
For they by birth assume the claim,
And have not in reality
The smallest claim to quality.
Titles that once were bravely won,
That have thro' generations run,
May grace at last a worthless fool,
Perhaps some haughty fav'rite's tool,
In some base office exercis'd,
And by his countrymen despis'd.



THE



THE
FATAL INCIDENT.

'TIS full six months, cry'd Aladin,
 Since Emina I've seen,
Say, was it not a forry fin,
 To leave my fairy queen ?

Say, was it not a forry fin,
 To force me so away,
And make me plod thro' thick and thin,
 “ O'er hills and far away !”

To make me soldier 'gainst my will,
 And go the lud knows where,
And what's alas, more cruel still,
 To force me from my dear.

F

'Tis

34 THE FATAL INCIDENT,

'Tis fourteen days since last I heard,
Or had one fingle line,
And she's forfa'en me I'm afraid,
But fure the fault's not mine,

We parted at this very file,
I thought I shou'd have dy'd ;
I took my leave, and all the while
The lovely creature cry'd.

Plague on the man, be who he will,
That first the wars began,
But may he be more plagued still,
That schem'd the Militia plan.

Why shou'd they fix on me forfooth,
That ne'er got drunk and swore,
There's Ralph and Hal, aye, and in truth,
I cou'd name twenty more.

There's Thomas now, as great a rake
As ever trod the lea,
He got with barn, at our last wake,
Poor Sally Mapletree.

Our

THE FATAL INCIDENT. 35

Our Joe got drunk and beat his wife
Until she scarce cou'd see,
And yet for all, upon my life,
They needs must fix on me.

But I'll no longer time delay,
With thinking what is past,
I'm glad I've got so safe away,
To see my love at last.

O how my heart with fancy throbs,
To think we soon shall meet;
From her the Rose its colour robs,
The Hyacinth its sweet.

I shall be 'sham'd to see her too
In this strange soldier's dress,
But if her heart like mine be true,
She'll not love me the less.

I'll e'en across the Church-yard now,
And see my Emina,
She lives at foot of yonder brow,
Where yon white lambkins play.

36 THE FATAL INCIDENT.

Here stands the Church where she and I
Together oft have been,
And hope once more, yet ere I die,
To go with her again.

When she some morning by my side,
O! wou'd it were to-day!
Shall go a maid, but turn a bride,
Dress'd like the queen of May.

Then luck attend! I'll e'en away
In this same foldier's trim,
Desire will not let me stay,
To make myself more prim.

Ah! me, what name's on yonder stone,
That meets my tortur'd fight!
'Tis Emina's! 'tis her's alone!—
Then to the world, good night.

For, like the barbed-shafted dart,
It plunges thro' my breast,
Fast bleeds within, my wounded heart,
But here I'll give 'em rest.

O cruel

THE FATAL INCIDENT. 37

O cruel fate ! I cannot bear
To look upon her grave ;
Strike me to earth, nor longer spare
A love-defracted slave.

Alas ! I feel my blood retire,
My eyes grow dim apace,
The fates have heard my last desire,
We'll in the grave embrace.



A P A S.



A

PASTORAL,

Written on the DEATH of

Mr. C. CHURCHILL and Mr. R. LLOYD,

The latter dying soon after the news of the former's
death.

JONNY and ROBIN.

JONNY.

AH! Robin hast thou heard the news?
Our blithest fwain is dead,
The greatest fav'rite of the Muse
Is in the Church-yard laid.

ROBIN.

Thou dost not fure, my Charley mean,
My true and faithful friend?
If so, alas! my woes again
Will never have an end.

JONNY.

J O N N Y.

I wou'd it were not him indeed,
I'm griev'd the news to tell,
I know thy honest heart will bleed,
Thou lov'd the swain so well.

R O B I N.

Ah! woe is me, what shall I do!
I can no more survive,
Thy words have cut my life-string thro',
Thro' him alone I live.

J O N N Y.

Nay, do not go and leave me too,
To wander here alone,
To sit beneath the church-yard Yew,
To weep beside thy stone.

R O B I N.

Alas! kind youth, alas I die,
My eyes begin to fade,
I soon shall with my Charley lie,
Beneath the Yew-tree shade.

J O N N Y.

40 A P A S T O R A L.

J O N N Y.

Ah! most distress'd and wretched me,
To live to see this day,
I'll set beneath some gloomy tree,
And sigh my soul away.

R O B I N.

Nay, pray thee live, thou worthy swain,
And hope a better day,
Let not my lambs die on the plain,
When I am turn'd to clay.

F I N I S.

E R R A T U M.

Page 20. Line 22. For,
That beauty might indeed have stamp'd have shewn,
Read, *On whom Ma'am Beauty has her charms bestowed.*

